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1916

FANCIES OF CHILDHOOD

EDGARDA L. FINDLEY

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Fancies of Childhood

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By
Edgarda L. Findley

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No. 1

FOREWORD

TO those who read these poems of my little daughter, which were all written between three and ten years of age, it may be interesting to know that not a suggestion of any kind was given to her, nor any assistance. Although the metre is not entirely perfect, the verses have purposely been left just as they were written, and so form an interesting record of the development of her poetic imagination.

MARY C. FINDLEY.

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Fancies of Childhood

BOOKS

I'M very, very fond of books.
And not so much about their looks,
But what's inside 'em's what I care,
Be it princesses with golden hair,
Or giants fierce with awful looks.

For silly books I have no need,
But ones like Ivanhoe, and Queed,
Are very, very good; you bet!
But some are even better yet.

A FAIRY LULLABY

SLEEP, sleep till the break of day,
Sleep, sleep while the tulips sway.
Sleep, little fairy, sleep away.
Then awake tomorrow all fresh for play.

Roses and lilies scent your way,
And with fairy playthings may you play,
So sleep, sleep, while the tulips sway,
For mother is watching you, little fay.

CINDERELLA

CINDERELLA was crying
In the ashes there,
When her godmother came and changed her
Into a lady fair.

She was indeed a princess
In shimmering silk and lace,
With plenty of paint and powder
On her lovely face.

When she went to the ball that evening
In a coach of diamonds rare,
The people very loudly cried,
"A princess was never so fair!"

When the clock struck twelve she ran away
From the ball which was so gay,
And she dropped a small glass slipper
As she ran along her way.

THE FAIRIES

LOVELY Rosamunda
Playing in the grass,
You're so very quiet,
Did you see the fairies pass?

"Oh, yes," the maiden answered,
"I saw them every one;
The queen had lovely tresses
As golden as the sun.

"She'd soft white wings upon her back,
And clothed in robes of green,
And rode upon a wee white horse,
The prettiest ever seen.

"They looked so very pretty
That I laughed aloud, you see,
And when I looked about the field
There was nobody left — but ME."

ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT MIDNIGHT

THE lighted ships go up and down,
Filled with people from the town;
The happy echoes ring their decks,
The people never think of wrecks.

The moon shines bright on the Hudson's way,
Making her passage as light as day;
The pleasure boats come into port,
And other ships of every sort.

At last, the sun's bright gilded head
Calls the people up from bed;
And ready both for work and play,
They then begin another day.

WOODLAND ECHOES

ECHOES from the hillside,
Echoes from the dale,
Nymphs and dryads calling
From the woods and vale.

Little birds are singing
In the treetops green,
Let all living creatures
Hail to Spring — our queen!

"GOOD EVENING, MERRY MOONBEAMS"

"GOOD evening, Merry Moonbeams, why
do you close the flowers
That have been open all the day, all through
the sunny hours?
And why do you give chase to every pretty
butterfly,
And send them to the roses, in their closing
petals to fly?
Good evening, Merry Moonbeams, your
company I enjoy,
But I'm afraid I shall be soon, my mother's
sleepy boy."

WHAT A PRINCESS IS

A PRINCESS is a lady
With golden hair so long,
And folks to see her beauty
Come every day in a throng.

I know a lovely maiden —
She's not a princess though —
With cheeks as red as roses,
And skin as white as snow.

Her name is Esmerelda,
And her sweet little face so fair,
Smiles happily upon you
From beneath a veil of hair.

I chose to wed this maiden
Instead of a royal girl,
And she's to come and live with me
And be my little pearl.

MY DOLL

MY doll is soft and pink,
Her hair is golden and long,
She's a flower as fair
As any that blooms —
On a pillow sitting there.

Her dress is as pink as a rose,
A pink feather fan has she;
But these are her party things;
Her name begins with a " D."

It is just " Dorothy "
I will have you to know
And don't you think it's prettier
Than Ellen, Ruth, or Flo?

THE FAIRY

A LOVELY fay went dancing
About the woodlands green,
And soon she came to a flower,
The sweetest she had seen.

She took it home and kept it,
And it turned into a prince,
And then the two were married,
And have lived quite happy since.

TEN LITTLE PUMPKINS

TEN little pumpkins
Growing on a vine;
One was cooked and eaten,
Then there were nine.

Nine little pumpkins
By the old green gate,
One was made into a pie —
Then there were eight.

Eight little pumpkins
Counting to eleven,
When one up and ran away,
Then there were seven.

Seven little pumpkins
Playing funny tricks:
One got mad and went away,
Then there were six.

Six little pumpkins
All good and alive;
One jumped a bit too far,
Then there were five.

Five little pumpkins
On the grass — not floor —
One said he didn't like it there,
Then there were four.

Four little pumpkins
Climbing up a tree,
One fell down to the ground,
Then there were three.

Three little pumpkins
Looking down at you,
A pussy gobbled one of them,
Then there were two.

Two little pumpkins,
Having lots of fun,
One was cross and stayed inside,
Then there was one.

One little pumpkin —
Yes, there was just one —
He went where the rest went —
Then there were none.

AT THE HIPPODROME

ON frozen lakes
With shining skates,
Are Charlotte's dainty feet;
In fur trimmed gown
Full well renown,
She skims when winds are bleak.

She's now revolving
On her toes;
Each ruddy cheek
Is like a rose;
The people all
In wonder watch,
And Sousa plays his gayest march.

The name of the play
Is " Hip-hip-Hooray! "
And Charlotte is the star.
She is the best,
Of all the rest,
She is, indeed, by far.

BABY

HOW dear is little baby!
How dear!
How queer!
Her face is plump and rosy,
Like a little posy —
How dear!
How queer!

Her hands are soft and fat,
She's like a pussy-cat,
How dear!
How queer!
You'd like to take her home,
And keep her for your own!
How dear!
How queer!

THE LADY AND THE STONE

A LADY was walking
One fine summer day,
When she tripped on a stone
Which was quite in her way.

It quite spoiled her slipper —
Of satin 'twas made —
And she stamped her small foot,
And angrily said,—

" You horrid old stone
To lie right in my way,
And quite spoil my walking
This fine summer day! "

The stone it was sorry,
The lady walked on,
To get her a pair
Of shoes to put on.

GOLDENROD

QUEEN of all the flowers,
In the sunny hours,
Of lilies and roses
And all the sweet posies
Is Goldenrod!

Dressed in robes of green,
Is our golden queen;
She is not a weed,
No, O no, indeed!
Is Goldenrod!

A flower of the fair,
Growing sweetly there;
I like you the best,
More than all the rest,
Goldenrod!

DISAPPOINTMENT

THE little boy sat up in bed,
And rubbed his icy nose.
"It tells me something good," he said,
"I'll follow where it goes."

It led him straight to mother's room,
The kitchen; there there stood
A great black pot with something in,
That smelled most awful good!

A great big ladle stood near by;
The little boy took a taste,
And then, again, with much screaming,
He ran back in great haste!

Next morn, the little boy was ill;
He could only sit and mope,
But mother often wondered what
Had happened her soft soap.

SUNSHINE

DEAR mother sunshine, dear old girl,
Emerald, ruby, and snow-white pearl,
Cannot give beauty at all like thee,
In thy great kindness to flower and tree.

AND there the little fairy lay
On the breast of noon.

(This was written when she was three years old.)

THE MOON

IF the day is very clear,
And you look up in the sky,
You will see the moon is there
Far above the world, so high.

Mistress Moon, why do you come
When your brother, Sun, is high?
Is it 'cause God put you there
High up in the blue-white sky?

THE COWSLIP FAIRY

IN a cowslip's bell I lie,
Looking at the bright blue sky,
Merry you, and Merry I,
A cowslip fairy!

Here I pass my time away,
Here I lie 'most all the day;
Don't you wish you were a fay,
A cowslip fairy?

To see my sweetheart I will try,
With her gold hair and sky-blue eye,
For she is too, you can't deny,
A cowslip fairy!

THE BROADWAY STORES

BROADWAY stores are lots of fun,
All the autos by there run;
But the things that are inside!
Why, they are a lady's pride!
Diamonds, pearls, and rubies too,
Emeralds green and sapphires blue;
All these lovely, lovely things,
Starry jewels set in rings;
Silks and satins, blue and pink,
Things so lovely you can't think.
And the models — Paris Maids —
Show the velvets and brocades.
Then the hats with feathers high,
And stickups that most touch the sky.
And the furs, — brown, black, and white,
For a girl on some cold night.

And the dishes, — patterns rare,
Pitchers tall, and vases fair;
All these things and many more,
You can find at a Broadway store.

SUNSHINE

GOLDEN sunshine, the friend of Spring,
Gladness and beauty and joy I bring,
The water and air, they come at my will,
Be I in valley, on mountain or hill.
O! I am the beautiful sunshine free,
And gladness I bring to the flower and tree!

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